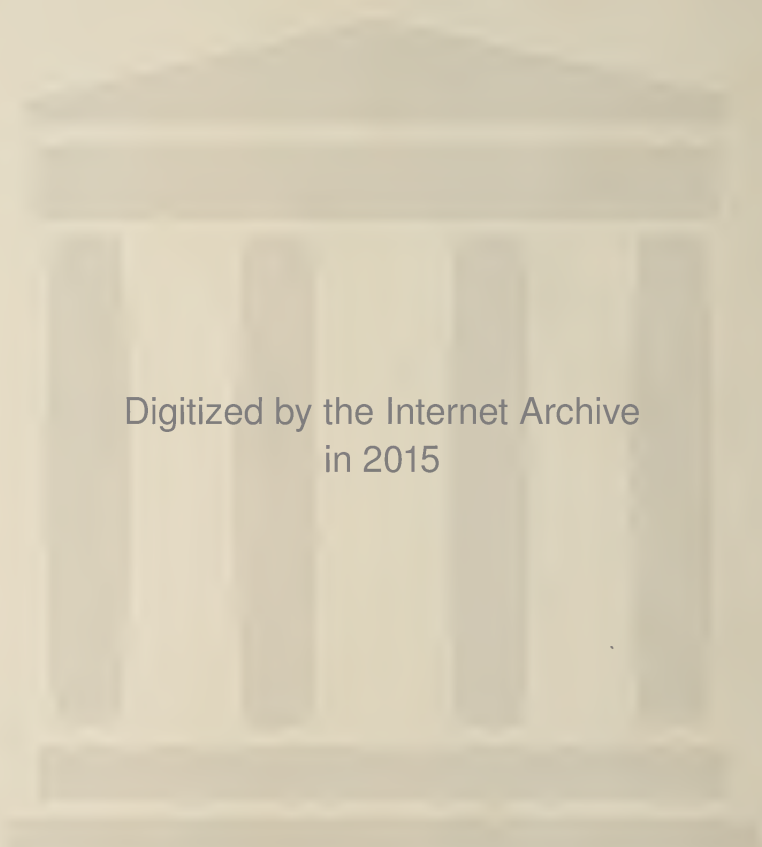


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THE AGE OF THE REFORMATION.

—Kaulbach.



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Life and Light for Woman

Sept.

1902

"FOR MY SAKE AND THE GOSPEL'S,
GO."

HYMN FOR THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF
THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, LONDON.

BY BISHOP BICKERSTETH.

"For My sake and the gospel's, go
And tell redemption's story;"
His heralds answer, "Be it so,
And thine, Lord, all the glory!"
They preach his birth, his life, his cross,
The love of his atonement,
For whom they count the world but loss,
His Easter, his enthronement.

Hark, hark, the trump of Jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation;
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly dayspring through the gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

Still on and on the anthems spread
Of hallelujah voices;
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior Church rejoices.
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the paradise of God
One triumph-song are singing.

He comes, whose advent trumpet drowns
The last of Time's evangelists,
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels.
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, who changest never,
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is thine, and thine for ever.

—Exchange.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH. The comparison of the two months ending July 18th for this year and last shows a falling off of \$12.89. For the nine months of the year there is a gain aside from the special gift before mentioned of \$776.97, but there is a loss in legacies of \$9,830.37. There are three months remaining before the close of our financial year,—time for much hand-to-hand personal, and, with God's help, successful effort to make up at least a good portion of this amount. Just how it can be done we do not know, but there is nothing too hard for our Lord nor for his followers under his guidance and blessing.

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. As usual, during the summer months, it is our great pleasure to welcome home the workers at the front coming to this country for well-earned furloughs. Those already arrived are Mrs. Marden, Misses Prime and Dodd from Constantinople, Miss Foreman from Aintab, Miss Knapp from Bitlis, Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Brewer from Sivas, Miss Riggs from Marsovan, Miss Closson from Cesarea—all from missions in Turkey. Among those returning to the field are Miss Fensham of Constantinople College, sailing July 30th; Miss Barker of Gedik-Pasha, Constantinople, and Miss Cole of Monastir, sailing August 13th. Miss Harriet W. May, who has been giving temporary service in the International Institute for Girls in Spain, has also arrived in Boston. Coming or going, it is a delight to have these friends in and out of our Rooms so informally day by day. It is not easy to tell who are the happier, those who have come to home and friends or those who are returning to the work and the people whom they love so well.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER. As our auxiliaries take up again the topics from the United Study Course, we are glad to give a picture of the Era of the Reformation, kindly furnished by Professor Whiting, of Wellesley, together with her interesting explanation of it. At a glance we see the great men of the period, and will be able to select those who are most distinguished, or who most attract us, for study, or papers in preparation for the October meetings. In the articles by Miss Bush, Mrs. De Forest, and Miss Pratt, we get a vivid idea of touring,—a phase of work we have not often been able to present.

A GREAT AND PRESENT NEED. The officers of the Board are constrained to call the attention of our friends to the great needs of the Board at the present time. It has always been a cause for great gratitude that, as we have gradually assumed the support of woman's work in the field, we have always been able to meet its absolute necessities. We have not had funds to embrace all the opportunities that have opened on every side, but we have

not been obliged to feel that the work has been actually crippled by failure to provide the required funds. For the last year or two, however, our receipts have been sadly inadequate for the natural growth of the work to which we are pledged. This is due not to any special falling off in contributions, but to the wonderful progress abroad. This progress we have all—especially the missionaries on the ground—longed and prayed for these many years, and now that the blessing has come can it be that we are not ready to receive it? Our present definite need may be divided into two classes: (1) for the work to which we are pledged, and (2) that for which we are asked. (1) On our list of appropriations for 1902, voted last December, we have a number of items amounting to over \$4,000—educational, evangelistic, and miscellaneous—not yet assumed for support by any society or individual. May we enumerate them? On the educational list there are twenty-four day and village schools in the Turkey missions; the yearly expense ranging from \$35 to \$132. This covers the salaries of earnest, consecrated young teachers; some of them the ragged, starving orphans of six years ago; rent for the little schoolrooms, and the purchase of a few books. In India there are nine schools, expense ranging from \$15 to \$143. These are overcrowded: some with girls from heathen families, little messengers carrying the blessed gospel into hundreds of dark homes; some are children of Christian parents, who, for the sake of the future, must not be allowed to grow up in ignorance; some are orphans carefully selected from the thousands thrown upon the care of our missionaries by pestilence and famine. A girl can be kept in one of these day schools for from \$3 to \$5 a year; less than the cost of one country ride, or of the candies used monthly in many families. Six more day schools \$45 to \$200; fifty-one scholarships, expense \$20 to \$125, complete the educational list. Of evangelistic items we need support for twenty-one Bible women in different missions (salaries from \$24 to \$88); each one finding her way into hundreds of homes with her beautiful gospel message, and winning souls for the Master she loves so much. Among miscellaneous items there is medical and general evangelistic work amounting to \$1,500, which no one has taken to her heart, and for which no society is praying and giving. For all these we are positively pledged, and for this we first appeal to every friend who reads these lines. These must be provided for 1902. Whether they can be continued next year and the years that follow must be decided by our constituency.

REQUESTS Of the details of the second class of items we give the following:—
REFUSED.

1. *Turkey*.—In Sophia, Bulgaria, the kindergarten work under the care of Miss Elizabeth Clark needs a building of its own, and a rare opportunity

offered to purchase property for this and for a center for woman's work at \$5,000—a price thought to be about two thirds its real value. It would give a wonderful start to the work in Sophia. Miss Clark sent an earnest plea, if the whole could not be provided, for \$2,000 or even \$1,000 to secure the property; offering herself to assume the responsibility for future indebtedness. New American Board missionaries going to Sivas necessitated a change in arrangement of dwelling houses, and \$1,300 was asked for the housing of the girls' boarding school and two girls' day schools, now in other parts of the city. This would save yearly rent in the future, would be an immense benefit to the schools, and save our missionaries much anxiety and physical weariness.

2. *In India.*—In our Marathi Mission an advance of \$3,000 was asked for schools, Bible women and medical work,—an advance made necessary by the exigencies of plague and famine. When the writer was in Ahmednagar six years ago there was immediate pressing need for a new building for the girls' boarding school. The pupils lay at night so thickly on the floor of the seven little dormitories that one could not step between them. Since that time the number of pupils has nearly doubled, and by hiring rooms outside, and by one makeshift and another, they have been crowded in. Year after year the plea has come for enlargement; year after year Miss Bissell has carried the burden and anxiety till ordered home by her physician this last spring in broken health. With government aid \$3,000 would supply this need. Ought our missionaries be expected to go through these struggles? In Satara, where Mr. and Mrs. Bruce and their daughter Harriet have labored so long and faithfully, a new building for the girls' boarding school is an absolute necessity. Government officials appreciate the need and offer liberal grants, provided, according to their rules, a certain sum can be obtained elsewhere. If \$300 could be paid by the Woman's Board, four times that amount could be brought into the work. What would any business man say to such an opportunity? In Sholapur, Miss Mary Harding has a most successful kindergarten. She writes that the Indian government now requires kindergarten methods in all primary schools, and she has been requested by officials, by our own missionaries, and those of other Boards, to open a training class for kindergarten teachers. A grant could probably be obtained from government doubling the amount received from this country for the expenses of the class, for the traveling expenses and salary of a new teacher to be her associate. The specific sum asked for material each year is \$133. After many vicissitudes and unavoidable delays the new building for the girls' boarding school in Madura, Capron Hall, so long waited for, is approaching completion, but a great rise in exchange and in building materials brings a

need for \$5,000 more. Without this the building cannot be as large as it should be; there can be no houses for teachers or servants made necessary by the customs of the country, and no wall about the premises for protection and privacy.

3. *In Japan.*—The Japan Mission asks for \$500 additional to help in the ingathering of the wonderful harvest resulting from the great Twentieth Century Forward Movement described by Miss Daughaday in our August number. Must much of this unparalleled harvest run to waste for lack of means and laborers?

4. *In China.*—The new building for the Girls' College in Foochow, in process of erection, needs an additional \$2,500 before it can be finished; and our school at Pagoda Anchorage in the same mission, having entirely outgrown its present dwelling-place, asks for \$2,500 for a new building. The great prosperity of our woman's school and kindergarten in Foochow city demands another building at an additional cost of \$2,000. Every Christian woman recognizes the importance of these critical years in China. The call upon every society to undertake the definite part assigned to it, be that part large or small, is unmistakable; not so much from China herself, since she does not know her need, but from Him in whose hands rests the future of the great empire.

This is the list which confronts us. Every item has been carefully considered by the mission from which it comes, and by the Executive Committee of the Board in Boston, and every one has been *refused*. Dear friends, will you kindly add these figures together, find the sum total, and then imagine if you can the painful, solemn meetings where all these refusals have been voted. Imagine also, if you can, the disappointing, discouraging, hopeless word as it is received by our missionaries. Are we false to our trust that our work is crippled in this way?

AT A
STANDSTILL. According to our present outlook, the work of our Woman's Board, so far as the home workers are concerned, has come to a standstill. We have no space to enlarge upon the items mentioned in the above paragraphs. We have given only plain facts, and they must speak for themselves. They surely surpass any appeal of which we are capable. Should we not, however, ask ourselves a few questions? Why are we enlisted in this work? At whose call? For whose sake? Ought we to do it in the best way or in the cheapest way possible? Ought we to exercise true economy and wise foresight, or be given over to the wasteful extravagance that comes from investment of time and money and human lives in laying foundations and then refusing to build upon them? Ought we to

send out our young missionaries, the flower of our churches and colleges, and then ask them to work with the crudest tools, in the smallest possible quarters? The time is coming when not one more girl can be crowded into our present buildings. Are we willing to be responsible for sending girls just struggling out into the light, back to the darkness of heathenism with all that it means; to withhold the blessed gospel, with all its comfort and life-giving power, in the hands of our Bible women, from mothers and little children? Does the list seem too long—too discouraging? If every subscriber for LIFE AND LIGHT would send even \$3.00 for a day school pupil, the grand total would prove an unspeakable blessing. If gifts could be sent for a whole school, a scholarship in a boarding school, a Bible woman, the blessing would be multiplied ten, twenty, or thirty fold. What finer monument could there be than a school building where human lives are daily transformed, elevated, saved? Beloved, can we not begin this new year of work with a new energy, a new purpose, a new love and devotion for our Lord Jesus Christ? Shall we not hear and heed the call that comes, we believe, not from any committee or set of officers in Board or Branch, not even from the daughters of sorrow in other lands, but from our blessed Master himself?

KAULBACH'S ERA OF THE REFORMATION.

BY PROF. SARAH F. WHITING, WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

THE visitor to the Museum of Berlin, who is a student of history, pauses with interest before the six frescoes by Kaulbach which adorn the walls of the grand stairway. In these "Epochs of the World's Progress" the imagination of the artist has fixed upon significant periods in history which his skillful brush causes to pass before eye and thought in comprehensive review.

The students of *Via Christi* are not concerned with the "Dispersion at Babel," or the golden age of Greece, but the remaining four cartoons are each worthy of study in connection with the appropriate chapter.

The picture which wins most praise from the critics, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," falls within the period covered by the first chapter. It marks the overthrow of Judaism, the first great menace to Christianity. The group of fleeing Christians conducted by gracious angels from the scene of fire and carnage, typifies the Pilgrim, the Huguenot, the victim of the Boxer and the Koord, the refugees in all ages who, when persecutions arise, are "scattered abroad," compelled by events to become foreign missionaries.

The "Battle of the Huns" falls in the period of chapter two. It marks the fierce struggle which resulted in the overthrow and absorption of the barbarian invaders from the North.

The "Entry of Godfrey into Jerusalem" enables one to study the many and varied elements which entered into society in the age of the Crusades. But in the last of the frescoes, the "Age of the Reformation," the topic of study for October finds pictorial embodiment, and it will be profitable to study in some detail this great work.

The picture frankly takes its form and grouping from Raphael's "School of Athens" in the Loggia of the Vatican. It represents the interior of a great Basilica. In the center stands Luther, holding aloft an open Bible in the language of the people. About him we see those who, before and after his trumpet sounded the note for the Reformation, recalled men from superstitions to the study of the Scriptures as the rule of faith and life, asserted the right of private judgment in interpretation, protested against priestly usurpation. We also see those who blazed the way for modern science and social progress.

Behind Luther we see the forerunners of the Reformation, who in the centuries before cried like voices in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord": Wyclif, who first translated the Bible into English; John Huss, the martyr of Constance, administering the wine as well as the bread to believers; Peter Waldo, the first colporteur, who gave name to the Waldenses; Savonarola, the great preacher of Florence, who denounced the vices of the church and advocated political liberty.

In the right aisle are the artists who visualized spiritual ideas for all succeeding ages. Dürer painting his four Apostles, Raphael, Da Vinci, Angelo, Peter Fisher. In the left aisle is Copernicus drawing upon the wall his system of the universe, while Galileo stands ready to show its truth by his telescope; and Kepler, who "thinks the thoughts of God after him," expounds the planetary motions.

But, most significant of all, Guttenberg and Koster stand by the pillar holding up the printed page, henceforth to be the greatest evangel of the truth, and foe to superstition.

Closely around Luther we see his chief helpers in the translation of the Bible,—Bogenhagen and Justus Jonas, professors of Wittenberg; while just below, himself the center of a group, is the scholarly and gentle Melancthon, perhaps advocating his favorite principle, which the church, in its doctrine, in its worship, in its missionary enterprises, is but just adopting: "In essentials unity, in doubtful points liberty, in all things charity."

In the right foreground appear the great men in literature, whose writings, next the Bible, have influenced the world,—Dante, Bacon, Cervantes, Shakespeare,—and in the center below, evidently singled out by the artist for special honor, Hans Sachs, the shoemaker poet and meistersinger, paraphrasing the psalms or writing homely songs for the people.

Scientists, jurists, physicians, politicians of the period crowd the great stairway, while conspicuous on the left are a group of voyagers,—Drake, and Raleigh, and Columbus with his hands shackled, while the trophies of the new world are at his feet. These opened up unknown parts of the world which needed the gospel, and their ships were precursors of those which have ever since been flying over the seas with messages of hope; for the oceans are the “Roman Roads” of our era, up and down which travel the heralds of salvation.

These centuries of storm and stress would be but incompletely represented without the militant Christians, the great defenders of the Protestant faith, and the martyrs who died for it. Queen Elizabeth and her ministers support the reformers on one side, while on the other is William of Orange, who came to the rescue of Protestantism in England, and Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the Thirty Years’ War. Of this Christian hero it was said that “in the intoxication of his fortune he was still a man and a Christian, and in his devotions still a hero and a king.”

Amid a group of Swiss reformers we see Calvin; of Huguenots, Coligny, the martyr of St. Bartholomew; of Netherland Protestants, Barneveldt, beheaded for his faith.

In this picture then we find grouped the great men whose names appear in the table accompanying the chapter, and many more. This contention for an open Bible and freedom of thought, which we call the Reformation, began a hundred years before the time of Luther, and continued a hundred years after. He and the great men by whom he is surrounded in the cartoon made their age, as Goethe would say, and, just as true, according to Carlyle, their age made them. Whatever the designs of men, the will of God was the shaping force for each event. Friends and foes of the cross alike were made to carry forward its standard.

The outcome of the missions of an unpurified church is presented in the more than middle-age superstitions of Mexico and the South American States. The outcome of the missions of a purified church is yet to be fully revealed.

TURKEY.

TOURING IN THE LAND OF THE APOSTLES.

BY MISS CAROLINE E. BUSH, HARPOOT.

APROPOS of our deeply interesting Sabbath-school lessons in these days, I am led to write to you of our modern evangelistic trips in the same land. Here we see the same small, light plow barely tickling the earth; the “grass

upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up"; the man taking up his bed and walking; the feet clothed with sandals; the hospitable foot-washing, after a day's dusty journey; the welcoming kiss and the sprinkling of rose water, in lieu of anointing,—with a hundred other commentaries on Scripture, in custom and ways of thinking.

It is surely appropriate that the same methods of working should exist. As in the times of the apostles, we find a church akin to ours in its belief in God and in some of the means of grace, but far removed from that deeper spiritual life and activity in which the Holy Spirit has so large a share. As in their day, we also find another race with a vitally differing belief, yet calling for our sympathy with them in points of harmony,—the acceptance of one God, the belief in prayer and the Scriptures, the hatred of idolatry and intoxicating drinks, and the desire to spread their faith by missions.

As the apostles went forth from place to place to meet in the market, the fields, the homes, and hostelries, souls of Jews and Gentiles, so for from twenty-five to thirty years some of our number have been privileged to go from town to town and house to house in the same search for souls.

The aim is to visit as many towns and villages as possible in our wide field each year, and in every place to visit each Protestant home, and as many Gregorian and Mohammedan families as we can find time for. When first this work was undertaken by women of our station, many looked askance at us, as much as to say, "What means this journeying about?" "How shall we treat you?" but now, how different! If one year passes in which we do not appear at their town, to question as to their life, to counsel and to warn, we are charged with forgetting and neglecting them.

Year after year of meeting men and women in their own homes, to speak with the greatest intimacy about their home and personal life, gives what they lovingly accept as a right to ask questions, to reprove, to sympathize. Gregorian homes formerly were many of them closed to us, on account of the distrust of our motives; now all are open. Women call us in from their doorways, and are eager to show us the kindest hospitality, as well as to call in all their neighbors for the reading of the Bible and prayer. Only lately, in a large city, a wealthy Gregorian woman, advanced in years and in deep affliction, rejoiced my heart by saying, "You were the one who many years ago persuaded me to learn to read the Bible, and now I am comforted by it, and can also write a little."

At another Gregorian home in a village the Protestant wife said: "For two years when you came to visit us my husband was ill; you told him that the work of tax-gathering in which he was engaged was harming him body and soul, and that he could not be well if he kept on sinning against God.

You prayed for his recovery ; he left the work to which you objected, your prayer was answered, and he is now a well man." There is another Gregorian home in a large city where I am sure to be welcomed by every member of the family, simply because, a few years ago, God gave me the opportunity of bringing back to them the young bride who had, through some waywardness, alienated her husband's parents, and was not allowed by her own father to return to her husband.

Such opportunities as these are countless, and one forgets, as the years go by, that they have occurred ; but these dear, grateful friends do not forget, and, in an hour of discouragement, God leads them to speak of some such effort to set the pulses of your heart throbbing with joy and gratitude that your life is given to a work that pays right along.

No less are Turkish homes beginning to be opened for close acquaintance and real friendship, and the ministry of love in the time of sickness or affliction. Walking through the streets of a great city lately, I heard a voice behind me in Turkish, "Lady! Lady!" I turned to find a fat, sturdy youngster seeking to attract my attention. "Come to our house," he said ; "the Hanum wants to see you." "But where is your house and who is the Hanum?" "Why, here ;" and he ran ahead, and there was nothing for me to do but follow. I confess to a slight hesitation as I entered alone the courtyard of a Turkish house to which I was wholly a stranger, but it was all right. They had heard of my reading the Testament at the house of a relative in affliction, and wanted to hear the Good Book themselves. At another Turkish home in the same city a year ago, I had prayed for a sick child that he might recover. The baby died, but the mother this year spoke with gratitude of the sympathy and the prayer, and received me again most cordially into her house.

Besides the visitation from house to house, we hold meetings with the women, visit schools and orphanages, examine women for church membership oftentimes, and superintend the work of Bible women. Because of the present dearth of pastors and teachers, our work for women is hampered on every side. We need those leaders to be the counsellors and protectors of our teachers, and to stir up the women of the churches to appoint Bible women and give liberally toward their salaries.

For several years it has been our aim to get the work of the Bible women upon an independent footing, so that the churches shall be responsible, and we only their helpers. For this reason we have but few of this class of workers at present, but hope for more and of a better kind than formerly. Though this planning for and superintending of Bible women is one of the most essential parts of our touring work, yet it is now in such a transition stage that I hesitate to write of it at all.

Since October 11, 1901, up to the present date, I have been absent from home over twenty-three weeks. In the first years of our touring we slept upon the floor and ate the food given to us by our native friends, but for many years now we have had our own servant, cooking utensils, provisions, bedding and bedsteads. Our things are packed into huge leather saddlebags, which are conveyed by horses or mules. Our muleteer is ordinarily a Turk or Koord, strong and fearless and well acquainted with the roads, kind to us, but bent on getting all the money possible out of us. We rarely take a zaptieh for protection, feeling very sure that people bear no ill-will to us and that God is our protector. Since the massacres I have sorely missed my companion, Miss Seymour, as she has been obliged to give up the touring work and devote herself to the orphans and the poor at home. We own our own horses, to whom we are forever grateful for the comfort with which they have carried us for thousands of miles. So companionable are they that it seems as if they must sometime speak to us.

Some of the incidents of our tours are indeed worth recording. My horse, Sandy, and I, skip gayly past hundreds of camels in long trains, conveying merchandise from the coast, both of us interested in the ungainly creatures. Sandy and I often sleep in the same stable, and are amazingly gratified with watching each other's eating and resting. It is all so social for man and beast! Once we were over two days in the stable of a khan, waiting for the boat to be thawed out so that we could cross the river. There was only a little space by the fireplace, which I could feel was private, as all the rest was occupied by soldiers and muleteers, and the stable crowded with animals. With my curtain up at night I was able to sleep as sweetly as if in my own room at home.

On a crowded boat on the old Euphrates, one day, they were trying to find a safe place for me, when an aged Turkish pilgrim, returning from Mecca, said, "Take my place in my wagon; women all over the world should have the best place." But then, he was not quite right in his mind, they said.

We are in perils oft, in hunger and cold and weariness, in bad air and among the wee pests of life, which stir the nerves to the utmost; we are in sorest perplexity for the churches, we have burdens and responsibilities too heavy to bear for one hour without the help of the great Burden Bearer; but, oh! the kindness, the love and the cheer on every side. The hosts of friends that we have learned to love, the glorious world in which we live,—the mountains and streams and plains! We know every foot of ground for hundreds and hundreds of miles on every side, and we know hundreds of hearts and the ways of thought they travel. None of the sore discouragements that Satan seeks to build up in our way can take from us the joy of

living and the riches of our experience in this quest for souls. The Lord only make us more worthy of it and more faithful in the work of our blessed Master.

HARPOOT, TURKEY, ASIA, May 26, '1901.

JAPAN.
VACATION WORK.

BY MRS. J. H. DEFOREST, SENDAI, JAPAN.

FOUR hours from Sapporo by train, twenty-two miles by *jolter* (which is a more expressive translation of *basha* than stage), fifty miles on horseback, and the time of a fortnight not so occupied spent in sitting on the floor, does not sound like a hard trip for summer vacation.

Unused to horses as I was, and having heard various stories of hardships to be expected on the journey, it was not with the brightest anticipations that I started out; but the fact that for four years some Christian women of that region had been longing and praying for the visit of a missionary woman (a man visits them every year), certainly increased my determination to encourage them all I could.

The country through which we passed on horseback is traversed by many rivers, twelve of which have no bridges, and one of these has three forks. We forded all but two. One we crossed in a ferryboat, Mr. De Forest and I with our horses, and a single Ainu poled us across. At another broad river the boat could not go close to the bank, and I was carried ashore on the back of a little man, who, if we were measuring heights, might have come up to my shoulders. In fording, I learned to tuck up my skirts and lift up my stirrup foot, and so did not get badly wet at any time. The horses are so used to fording that I felt sure of reaching the farther shore if I could stick to the saddle, but the sidewise motion of the horses as they brace against the swift current, and the very sight of it, tend to make one a little uncomfortable, even if there is just then no remembrance of the stories of horses that have a trick of lying down in midstream. I was too much occupied in thinking of the depth of water and the difficulty of progress in crossing the deepest of these rivers to look up stream and see the logs drifting so near us as to make Mr. De Forest fear they might hit the horses.

Perhaps half of our way was over a sandy beach where vehicles are not used, winding around promontory after promontory, with inaccessible cliffs rising on one side and the wide Pacific washing our horses' feet on the other. This is the only overland way of reaching Urakawa, where over

twenty years ago a Christian colony from Kobe was started. Half a dozen miles before reaching this town Mr. and Mrs. Arrow Island saw us passing, and stopped us, saying that the plan was for us to visit them first, and for four days they entertained us most hospitably.

Here is a picture of their house, a fair sample of the better class of detached houses in Hokkaido. This has four living rooms. The houses here



CROSSING THE FERRY.

We were entertained at the hotel kept by a Christian, who was one of those burned out, and who refused all pay for our stay of six days, saying he gave it to the Lord. On the office floor was a large pile of New Testaments—a strange place for them. A few weeks before his mother had died,

style that is more delightful for summer, but the wainscoted rooms are the ones for winter use.

We arrived one day before we were expected, and so our host took us to visit an Ainu village near by. When I saw in one of the houses some of these whittled sticks which they value or venerate,—I cannot be accurate in saying which it is,—Mr. Arrow Island tried to get me one. The Ainu said that the spirit of the god was residing in it just then, but by and by it would return to the ocean, and then he would give it to me; but I never received it.

The sidesaddle was a very curious object everywhere we stopped. At one hotel the man who brought it in remarked that he feared that one of the stirrups had been lost off; and at Mr. Arrow Island's the only way to be satisfied as to its use was to lead up his horse, put the saddle on, and have it tried by each of his family and any neighbor who cared to experiment on it.

While we were staying here several boys brought him slips of paper with Chinese characters written on them. I thought they might be reports of something in the line of his business, but I was mistaken. He is the Sunday-school superintendent, and on the previous Sunday had explained that God had created everything; and then he asked the scholars to write and bring him the answer to the question, "What is there in the world that God does not want?" He expected the answer "sin." Most of the answers were "the devil," "wicked heart," or something similar, but one little fellow, whose eyes had probably felt the smart of it, thought it was smoke.

The Christians of the neighborhood met to welcome us Saturday evening. At such meetings there are always speeches from hosts and guests, more or less formal. The next morning after Mr. De Forest had preached, and the service was formally closed, one of the Christians from a distance suggested that the oldest church member should represent the rest of them by giving us an address of thanks. So we both stood up in front of the little assembly and listened to a very cordial speech, to which, of course, Mr. De Forest replied. To be formally thanked at a church service was a new experience. This church at Moto Urakawa has always been independent of mission aid, but glad to welcome missionaries at any time. The pastor works also in villages from four to six miles away; and while he and Mr. De Forest were in one of these for a couple of meetings, the people were moved as never before, and the result was ten or twelve conversions and the raising within a week of money to build a chapel where they themselves could begin a Sunday school, even if the pastor could not be present that part of Sunday. One of the former pupils of Doshisha Girls' School lives here and will help this movement.

From this village several escorted us on horseback to the next town, and

the neighbors gathered at the river to see us cross. At Urakawa the church was burned last year, and nothing saved but the big Bible and the little baby organ. Although the houses of several leading Christians were burned at the same time, they did not let this loss destroy their determination to begin the new century independent of financial aid from the mission, and they are straining every muscle to build a new church.



A JAPANESE HOME.

are quite unlike those of the main island, and resemble the houses in our new West. They are one storied, clapboarded, unpainted, have windows that go up and down, and in the side is put a stone with a circular hole, through which the stovepipe protrudes in winter. In more pretentious houses in larger towns there may be a room or two in regular Japanese

and this man had had some black-edged announcements printed, expressing thanks for attentions received; and one of these he sent with a New Testament to each person who had attended the funeral. The universal Japanese custom is to send a box of cake under such circumstances, but instead this man distributed New Testaments to the number of two hundred. This is one way of Christianizing Japanese customs.



A GROUP OF AINOS.

One of the delights of such a trip is meeting people of whom we have lost sight, or who remember words spoken years and years ago; and another is finding in very out-of-the-way places educated women who are leaders in the community. Then the earnestness of some who have not had such advantages is most encouraging. Mrs. Peach Island is in the habit of walking nine miles each way once a month to attend the regular woman's meet-

ing, and she is nearly sixty years old. She and another elderly lady gave up their time to take me around and introduce me to a sick girl, who was very desirous of seeing me, and to women, some of whom were Christians and some were not, and they were much gratified that so many consequently attended the meetings for the first time.

The hardest thing on this trip was sitting on the floor. I got on pretty well during the day, when we were making or receiving calls, and I could squirm all that was necessary; but after a day of it an evening meeting was sometimes torture, for I wanted to be a little more proper in my positions. Once or twice I was behind the baby organ, and feeling a little out of sight gave my knees a little more liberty. The Japanese are very kind in excusing us for our variations from their way of sitting, and often urge us to make ourselves comfortable before we feel the need of change of position.

There is nothing that warms our sympathy with our Japanese Christians like such a trip as this, when we see what they have to struggle against and how bravely they are doing it. The work in the Hokkaido appeals with special force to America, both East and West. To the East, because we have read with admiration how our own remote ancestors settled on a "wild and rock-bound coast," and laid the foundations of a Christian community; and to the West, because the settlers there, our uncles and cousins, have been doing for fifty years just what these Hokkaido people are doing now. Success to them!

CHINA.

WOMAN'S WORK AT PAO-TING-FU, CHINA.

BY MISS NELLIE H. RUSSELL.

THE importance of appointing a lady, or rather two ladies, for Pao-ting-fu cannot be overstated. There is a large woman's work there, second to none in the mission. The work of the dear ladies who sealed their service of love with their lives lives after them, and all about are evidences of a new interest among outsiders. At every Sunday service there are outside women in the audience. Several are also reading with the one Bible woman, Mrs. Wang. One of the most interesting women I have met in China is in regular attendance at all services. She is a well-educated woman, able to read and write like a teacher. Her husband is a writer in a Ya Men; she has been well acquainted with our people for several years. Before the trouble they did not seem specially interested, but now Mrs. Yang seems thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christianity, has accepted it for herself,

and most anxious about others. Of late she has been reading *The Christian Secret of a Happy Life*, and said one day, in speaking of what it had done for her, "I used to think because I could read and write and loved the good and true that I was a perfect woman, but now I know I have many sins, and you must tell me how to get rid of them." During the trouble in Pao-ting-fu she and her husband went out to a monastery seventy li from the city. There she became acquainted with five single ladies, who have not become nuns, but have taken vows for life. Their time is given to reading and praying, and they are supported by their families. These women Mrs. Yang has invited to come and spend a month with her, that they may learn of the true God.

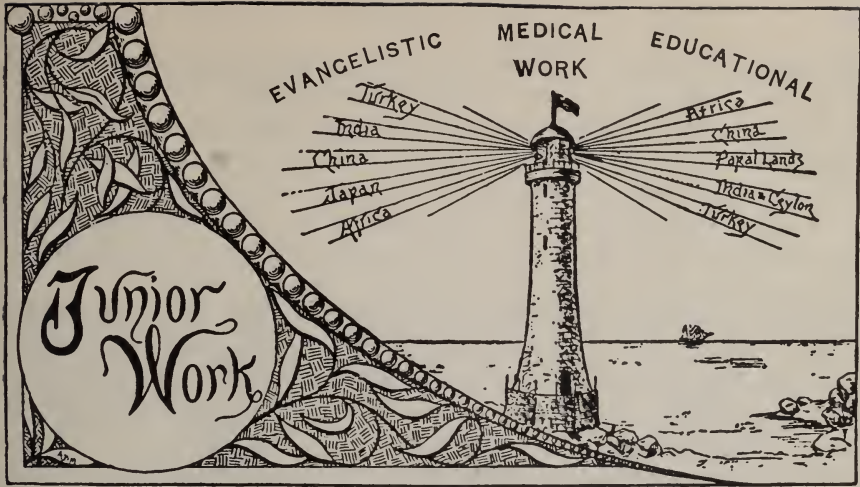
There is great need of more Bible women. Mrs. Wang has her hands more than full with the work in the city and south suburb, and there is no one to go in the country. We hope special instruction can be given to three women, who later on will be able to take up this work.

GIRLS' SCHOOL.

During the year 1901 the girls' school numbered nineteen, and only closed for a two weeks' vacation in the month of August.

In October four girls went up to Peking. They were well prepared, and entered in advance of any girls who have gone up in the past years. From October to January the school had but twelve scholars; since then it has numbered twenty-three. Only one day school has been kept up during the year.

The woman's prayer meeting has been well attended all the year. During the last three months there have often been forty or fifty at the meeting. The helpers report a good attendance of women at the country services, and many outside women. It looks now as though in the near future the hearts and homes of the people would be of easier access than ever in the past. The other day Pastor Mëng told an interesting story of the preservation of a Bible. This book was given to an old woman by one of the martyred Bible women, Mrs. Tu. When the trouble came the old woman, who was the only Christian in her family, was obliged to leave her home. Her daughter-in-law, who was an outsider, said to herself: "This book must be saved at any price. It will be wanted some day, I know." So she took it in the night and buried it in the garden. After the rains came she dug it up, and found it wet through. She did not dare have it around where anyone would see it, but at night spent many hours wiping and pressing the leaves. When all alone in the day time she would put it in the sun for a time, and then stand guard at the door. After the trouble was over and the people had returned to their homes this was found to be the only Bible in all that region, and for many months was the joy and comfort of many.



- To give light to them that sit in darkness John 1:9

AN AFTERNOON AMONG VILLAGE HOMES IN TURKEY.

BY MISS C. H. PRATT, MARDIN.

"PEACE be upon you," says the missionary as she appears at the open door of a village house in Turkey in Asia.

"And upon you peace and a thousand welcomes. Come in." "Sadie, bring a pillow to the fireside for the teacher."

"Who is sick?" asks the missionary, stooping over a figure in a bed on the floor.

"I, teacher," says young Thomas, putting out his hand. "Do you think I shall get well? Feel my pulse."

The missionary, though she knows next to nothing about disease, knowing that her interest will please, counts his pulse and looks at his tongue.

"You do not seem very sick. What's this?"

"A paper charm the priest has written. I paid a dollar for it."

"There's no virtue in it."

"No, I know unless it's God's will I shall not get well. I am afraid to die."

"Listen," says the missionary. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful to forgive us our sins."

"You ask him to forgive me."

And the missionary prays: "O Lord, thou art here, and Thomas needs thee; thou art able to do anything for him, to raise him up now, or keep him sick until he has had time to think over his life, and repent thoroughly, and take thee to keep him in thy path. Make him see his need of forgiveness, and truly turn to thee, and take away all fear from his heart, and put in

faith, for Jesus' sake." "Amen, amen, amen," say Thomas and Sadie and the mother. All except Thomas move to the fireplace.

"Teacher, what is faith?" says Sadie earnestly, and the missionary prays silently, "O Lord, give me an illustration;" then to Sadie and her mother: "When I come to your village I need a guide; I do not know the road, nor would I be safe alone. A man comes who I am sure can show me the way and protect me, and I come with him, giving myself and my goods into his care and leading. That surrender and following is faith."

"Oh yes, that's it," says Sadie. "That's what you are to do toward Christ." "But we can love Mary, and get the saints to intercede for us."

"Mary is in heaven, just as my mother is, but neither of them can hear us pray, nor wishes us to worship them, and there is one Mediator—Christ Jesus. Now read this."

Sadie having taken four months' reading lessons with the Bible woman reads hesitatingly the passage opened by the missionary, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him," and adds, "Yes, he is able."

"He is able alone," says the missionary; "He does not need the help of saints or angels or his mother." And they drift into earnest talk. After awhile the missionary knows that these have heard all that they can profit by, and, moreover, wishes to finish as many as eight calls and more, if possible, before night, so she asks Sadie to come with her to the house of a relative. They pass fierce dogs on the way, but Sadie keeps them back, the missionary hiding behind her. Near her uncle's house they pass children playing in the street, who whisper to each other, "She is the one who distributes pictures and texts." They drop their playthings and follow the two into the house. A woman just inside the door raises the long stick she employs for keeping the chickens out, to drive the children back; but the missionary says, "Don't drive them out; I'll teach them a text." So the children file in and are seated in a row. From a small picture she has in her Bible the missionary teaches them the story of Joseph making himself known to his brethren. Then Sadie teaches them the text, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." As they pass out repeating their text the woman with the stick remarks, "I was going to drive them out." Another says, "How forgiving Joseph was; for four years I have not spoken to my brother."

"My sister," the missionary exclaims, "how do you dare to sleep another night with such a sin upon you?" and then gives her a description of Christ's sufferings during the night of his betrayal and up to the time the nails were driven into his hands, with the words, "Father, forgive them," and adds, "You are to forgive seventy times seven; see how Christ forgave. Has your brother tried to kill you yet?"

"No; but he has taken my property, and left me needy with these children (two leaning upon her) to care for."

"Every time you think of your brother, say, 'Father, forgive him.'"

"Pray for me, teacher; I haven't that spirit." The missionary prays then, and every day, until she sees the woman after a week, when she says, "I have spoken to my brother," and another earnest talk and prayer follow.

Just outside the door they meet Farida, a shy boy with big eyes, clinging



A GROUP OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN IN EASTERN TURKEY.

to her skirts. According to previous arrangement Sadie returns home, and Farida accompanies the missionary for a few calls. As they walk along the street Farida says: "Once I was where Sadie now is, trying to decide between the old church teaching and Protestantism. I had been weighing and wavering, and my son had often come home from the Protestant services to assure me that my fasting and almsgiving and the intercession of the saints could not save me; that Christ had done all that was necessary for my

salvation. One Sunday morning I started out to church, and at a corner said, 'O Lord, which way shall I go?' and a voice in my heart said, 'Go this way,'—the way to the Protestant church,—and I have been there ever since."

"Farida," says the missionary, "I want you to take me to some of the followers of the old church whom I haven't seen." They pass through the village and by the village spring, where a few women are washing and others filling their jars; by one of the public ovens, where a woman is lifting to her shoulder a tub full of steaming flat loaves of barley bread; and up the slope of a hill, on which the followers of one of the two chief men of the village have their homes, to a great iron-covered door in the high wall surrounding the premises we are to enter. Farida warns the missionary to be ready to flee into a near Protestant house should the fierce dogs bound out, and calls a young man to help pass them. He steps inside the gate, and calls, "Nozlie, come and save us from the dogs; the teacher has come." Nozlie and her sister Miriam put each a foot on the dogs' necks, and Farida and the missionary pass in safety, though the savage-looking black dog eyes them, and after he is released comes to the door and barks.

"Oh! I know Miriam," the missionary says; and while Nozlie makes two tiny cups of drink by boiling some violet blossoms, they talk of the time when Miriam spent a year in the boarding school. Then Miriam brings her Testament to show that she has not forgotten how to read. The missionary says, "Read Colossians iii. 17, 'Whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.' Are you doing that, Miriam?"

"Oh, yes, teacher; my heart is as white as a newly polished kettle!"

A strange woman leaning against the wall says, "Why don't you go and teach the heathen? We know all this!"

The missionary answers, "Didn't I hear quarreling at the spring?"

"Yes, and they broke my jar, and I cursed them."

"When there is no more fighting at the spring, and no more sheep stealing in the village, and the gospel is read in every home, and the mothers teach their children to pray instead of curse, then we may leave you and go to the heathen."

The strange woman sitting down asks, "Is your mother living?"

"Yes."

"How could she let you leave her to come to this bad country? I suppose no one in your country swears or steals or lies, and you sit all day reading and praying."

"Oh, no! I sew and sweep and write, and teach women and children."

"God preserve you! Don't you think we are a little good?"

Miriam reads, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." The woman answers, "How can we do that? only Christ could be as good as that." Miriam reads again, of the man with the withered hand, while the ten women who have gathered and squatted near listen without moving. The missionary explains that Christ who commanded the man to raise his hand gave the power to do it, and then she prays for these women, while the stranger repeats every sentence in a whisper, and several say "Amen."

As Farida and the missionary pass out the latter prays in her heart, "O Lord, emancipate them; give the power of the Spirit in this village; help Farida to live a Christian life before them; and now show us where to go next, and what message to give."

HELPS FOR LEADERS.

REDEEMING OUR COVENANT PLEDGE.—I WILL NOT CEASE TO MAKE OFFERINGS OF MONEY.

BY MISS HELEN S. LATHROP.

THE giving of money makes our covenant offerings complete; and the sincerity of our devotion to our work is shown by this gift. Not, indeed, by its amount, which must vary with individual means, but by the proportion between that spent for self and for the Lord. One of the few words of Jesus outside the Gospels is preserved for us by Clement in his epistle to the early church, "Well did our Master say, 'Become approved handlers of money.'" There was never a time in the world's history when this money power could accomplish so much and so quickly as now; and though it be the lowest form of power intrusted to us; by the faithful, approved use of it we are trained to become rulers of greater things. In one way money is self; a form of stored-up energy resulting from personal efforts, our own or another's. But "ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." By giving this self we pay that price, literally buying salvation for others. Yet money is most separate from personality; it comes from others, and goes to others; has no value except that for which it is exchanged. Its right exchange is to bring the necessities for life, and that self-development which must be complete if we would reach our intended capacity and usefulness, and then to bring this world to Christ, and we block his plans for its salvation by refusing to give our money to perfect them.

Would you prove to others that missionary work is worth while? Then instead of an hour a month and a few dollars a year, give money and time

and prayer with a magnitude that shall win their respect. Have you yourself little interest in missions? Give to some definite work, follow the gift with a prayerful knowledge of its use until it brings you into sympathy with those to whom it brought a blessing, and you shall learn the joy of the work. Do you think you have too little to give? You will not escape responsibility because of the small measure you hold. The principle that governs our little is the same that applies to the greatest wealth; and the only true conception of giving is that all we have belongs to God, to be used by us in the way which will best serve him.

Native Christians, in the poverty of their lives and lands, give in greater proportion than we. Are they more glad for the gospel that they seek greater expression of their joy? Or is the gospel to us so much a matter of inheritance and environment that we miss that overwhelming gladness, or have we never learned to translate that joy into gifts for the Lord? Our young women have and can influence a money power which, if put to use, will bring the living Redeemer to many a daughter of sorrow. Do we daughters of the King love the kingdom? God so loved he gave his Son; Christ so loved he gave his life. Our gifts shall prove our love. "Who gives most loves most; who loves most is most blessed."

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM MISS JEAN BROWN, FOCHOW, CHINA.

SHAOWU RIVER.

I HAVE long wished to see the Shaowu mission field, so when Mr. and Mrs. Hinman decided to return, I at once decided that this was my opportunity to realize my dreams. Dr. Woodhull, who has felt the need of a rest and change, decided also to make the trip. Coming as it has, just at vacation, we have felt that we could leave very easily.

We left Fochow nine days ago, and are now about half way up; Mr. and Mrs. Hinman have one boat, and Dr. Woodhull and I have one to ourselves. A whole boat sounds very fine, but in reality our quarters are anything but commodious. We have a tiny place big enough for our beds, and a few of the absolute necessities of life; our food safe stands at the foot of the doctor's bed, our clothes baskets at the foot of mine, and underneath our beds is the box of provisions, which are to last us for six weeks. This little apartment is our bedroom, sitting room and dining room, besides being pantry. Fortunately it is possible for our cooking to be done on the farther

end of the boat. I am sure you would laugh at our kitchen and our cook if you could see them. We have a little furnace which holds one kettle at a time, but our cook is so skillful that notwithstanding these limitations he gives us potatoes, rice, meat, and two kinds of vegetables for dinner. Our kitchen table is the deck of the boat. We think it best not to inquire too minutely into culinary matters. The only restriction we make is that the water must be boiled. The river is our water supply. I am afraid that the caretaking housewife of America would be horrified, and we are when we allow ourselves to dwell upon it, but we get hardened in the course of time. In spite of existing conditions we have enormous appetites, and, indeed, are having a delightful time in every respect.

It takes nearly three weeks to go the fifty miles between Foochow and Shaowu; indeed, I begin to think it a wonder that boats get through at all. There is no little danger in connection with the downward trip; the rapids are so swift that it is very difficult to keep the boat off the rocks; a great number of boats are wrecked every year going down river. The scenery all along is very beautiful, a constant delight. When we can we get off and walk on the path, which usually follows the river upon the mountain side.

On our way up we stayed at Iong-go, one of the farthest off of our Shaowu stations. We spent Sunday there, and had the privilege of worshipping with our native brothers and sisters. They have a nice little chapel there built on the foreign plan. A gallery runs along the back of the church, and is used for the women. Dr. Woodhull and I sat up there with some fourteen native women and several young girls. The Christians were all so glad to see us. They met us at the landing and led us to the chapel with the usual accompaniment of firecrackers. Going through the country this way, one is struck with the vastness of the work to be done. At this place there is a splendid opening for school work for women and children; but as yet nothing has been done there. Situated as it is, some twenty miles from Shaowu, it is impossible for the missionaries to give the necessary supervision.

We visited one of the English mission chapels also. The young Chinese in charge told me that there had been a great change in the past year; that the people were never so willing to hear the gospel as now. This is only one testimony of many; everyone engaged in evangelistic work says the same. Mr. Beard, of our mission, speaking of his last tour through the Ing-hok field, says that he was greatly impressed with the numbers that came to hear the truth. The chapels everywhere were full, and not with the riff-raff from off the streets but with the best and most prominent men of the place; even officers were among the number. Nor did they stay only for a

short time, just out of curiosity, but they stayed through the whole service, and were evidently anxious to hear. We have great reason to rejoice in the interest felt at this time, and can but believe that it is in answer to the many earnest prayers put up in behalf of this people from the many devoted hearts both in China and in Christian lands everywhere. After the dark comes the dawn. Praise God, the dawn has come to China, but let us pray with renewed zeal for that glorious time when she shall live in the perfect day.

From Teribakanaki, a former pupil in the school at Kusaie. Her husband proved unworthy, and she is left alone with her children.

TARATAI, TARAWA, GILBERT ISLANDS, Dec. 4, 1901.

DEAR MOTHER HOPPIN: Greeting to you. I am happy about having this little time to write you a letter. We went away from Tapitenea in November, and reached Tarawa the same month. Mr. Walkup had a new plan for leaving me with Rev. Teraoi to wait for Tibwere's coming out from prison. But I was not very much pleased to staid here, for I want to go to my own place; but I had a great fear for there are great temptations for me, so I rather not go on board the Hiram Bingham again, for you know I was the only woman on the ship, and Mr. Walkup is my guardian. But when he went ashore, I was afraid to stay behind.

And I want to tell you to please pray for me so much, that my heart fail me not to love God every day. Some times my heart almost fails me, but the great love of God toward me ceases not.

And how great a pity it is these days to have a separation in our family!

The work of God on the island where we used to be teachers, it is getting on very nicely, for there are two circles who meet together in every month in their chosen times, so that I long in my heart to be there.

There are some of our friends on this island who used to teach. I saw Nabona, and it was a great marvel to see him with pagan things put on him, and it makes my heart broken within me, for I was thinking what will my husband do when he comes out from prison, Will he listen to me or not? But pray for us that we may have courage and take our cross and follow Jesus, and remember him every day. The love of the world is not far from us, but near every day. But one thing is a great help to me when I am tempted, if I look at my silver cross I think of Jesus, who will be hurt, and who died because of my wrongdoing, if I shall do what pleases me and sin against him. So I have a great delight in my heart, for the great God helps me in every way.

And I seem to have a weary and great trouble about how to take care of

my children because there is no helper for me, but this is all right, because it is God's will.

And will you please translate my letter to my friend! Thank you very much for the dress you sent me. And I want to ask you, Do we sin if we wear fringes? Perhaps not, because some day we may be in great need. With much love. Your daughter who loves you,

TERIBAKANAKI.

FROM MRS. FANNIE G. BOND, OF MONASTIR, EUROPEAN TURKEY.

The state of the country is such that touring is not considered safe, but Mr. Bond and I have ventured to come here for a few days, as it is on the railroad. There were not so many at the Sunday services, doubtless because yesterday was a great holiday (Blagovetse), when the priests allow their people to break their fast so far as to eat fish, and the women were busy preparing the fish for cooking. The little girls and boys turned out to the number of forty or fifty in the afternoon. Ten or twelve men were present in the morning service, and a number of good-sized boys, and were very well behaved. I could not help noticing the improvement in the behavior of the younger ones. This is largely due to the efforts of Marika, the daughter of our helper here, who has gathered them each Sabbath and sought to implant in their hearts the seeds of divine truth. They sang several little hymns with might and main, and had learned passages of Scripture, among them David's prayer, "Create within me a clean heart," etc. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of receiving to communion a young man who, in spite of persecution from his wife and relatives, has decided to live for Christ. He is the one whom I have mentioned in a former letter as having hurried home from the morning service to care for the baby, in order that his wife might have an opportunity of hearing the truth. She, poor woman, would not be so opposed now were it not for her relatives, who urge her on. George bears her sharp words with wonderful patience, and she confesses surprise at his forbearance. So we encourage him to be patient and pray for her. His step-mother has opposed him much, but Sunday evening, to his surprise, said to him, on learning that he had partaken of the communion: "You did well. We would like to follow in your steps, but cannot." Her home was one of a number Mrs. Burneff and I visited yesterday, and before we left her cold manner changed considerably, and she seemed interested in spite of herself. She can but speak in praise of her son's conduct, but fear of the people holds her back.

We were kindly received in all the homes visited, and I was not a little surprised and pleased to have a priest, on meeting us in the street, turn fully

around, and with a smiling face bid me welcome to the city. He is the leading Bulgarian priest of the city. He permits his little son to attend Marika's gathering for the little ones. We take courage and rest on the sweet words of promise, "My word shall not return unto me void," etc. God is faithful and will bless the seed sown in weakness. We may not be the reapers, but it matters not if only souls are saved and we are faithful to do our part.

Our Work at Home.

ON LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN THE WOMAN'S BOARD.

EXTRACTS FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

February 25th.

DEAR NIECE MARY: I declare you took me by surprise. Life member of the W. B. M.—there, I had to stop to get your letter and look up them capitals again. Woman's Board of Missions, you say, and it's a society for sendin' the gospel to furrin parts. And you give twenty-five dollars all to onct and made your old aunt a life member. Well, I'm bound to thank you Mary, but I'm free to confess I ain't able to take it in—that is, not yet. I don't say I can't when I've sorter got used to it for there's many a tough knot I've tackled afore now and come to see through it in time.

Now Mary there's two things about this. In the first place I never before heerd of this Woman's Board, much less done the first thing to help it on, nor for that matter any Board, if there be any other Board except the school Board,—and no woman is allowed on that Board in this town you better believe. Well, never havin' done a stroke nor give a cent I feel mighty mean to be a member and that's the truth. And then when you add on the *life* and make it a life member, I declare there's somethin' dretful solemn about that. It's that word—life. Life is a solemn thing, and I guess you know somethin' about that as well as me, however you fix it, whether you're livin' it or whether you're leavin' it. And to think of belongin' to something all your life till the day of your death makes me ketch my breath and feel kinder weighed down with a load I've got to carry along whether or no. For of course you've give in the money and you can't take it back, and here's the certificate with my name all plain, even to that heathenish middle name, Diana; and I'm not saying I'm not thankful, for I am, and it was thoughtful of you to remember me. But speakin' of life members reminds me of Deacon

Grafton, our "life deacon," we call him, because when the new minister came and we changed the deacon business so't they served three years and one came in and one went out every year, seesaw fashion, he, bein' old and a good deal thought on in the church, stayed for life. I was speakin' of him one day to the minister as the life deacon, and he smiles and says, "I like to call him my live deacon, Mis' Grant. Do you know," sez he, "I'd rather have a *live* man in my church for a small fraction of a life than a dead man for a whole life. To have a live man for life is a blessing indeed." "That's so," sez I.

And now, here am I on for life but not a spark of life in me as to that Board. I'm a dead woman in this sort o' business. . . .

April 12th.

MY DEAR NIECE: That life member matter almost went out of my mind for six weeks on account of Jim comin' home with the fever, and bein' so low we thought we'd lost our boy time and again. When the crisis was passed, and I was full o' hallelujahs, I took up the little magazine you sent, and started in at the front page. I made up my mind, as I wrote you that if you thought I was worth twenty-five dollars to the Woman's Board I'd try to prove so, and begin by learning my a b c's. If I'm dead then it's possible to have a resurrection, and I believe in stirrin' up my old dead bones by gettin' a little knowledge into my brain. I declare I wished you was here a dozen times before I got through that *LIFE AND LIGHT*. There it is again,—life. If this scrap of a book can put life and light into my darkness I'll read it from cover to cover, even if the names are puzzlin' and you keep wonderin' what the beginnin' of those stories was 'way back, and where the queer places are.

But anybody can understand the 'count of them orphans in India, and I'm dead sure the Lord sent these children into the missionaries' hands, and if the W. B. or some other Board don't keep them there till they are well and fat and happy it'll be a burnin' shame. Just as I was thinkin' that it come to me sharp and quick that I was one of the Board myself, and in for it for life, and here was my first chance to stir my old dead bones a little.

Pa ain't been fortunate with the farm this year, and Jim's sickness made a little extra for us, but ther's one thing I alwus have, and that's a quarter of every calf that's sold. One of the cows was just then comin' in, and sez I to myself, "that quarter of a calf shall be for them orphans." Milk for babes,—that's it, and here it is. The calf was a beauty, and sold well; and now, Mary, send this three dollars to the orphans quick for me. . . .

May 15th.

MY DEAR MARY: You'll want to hear about our auxiliary. Two weeks ago, Sabbath, Mr. Post says from the pulpit, "Mis' Post would like to meet all the ladies of the church at the parsonage this Wednesday, three o'clock, to propose to them a new plan for Christian work."

You just believe there was a good turnin' out, even to poor Widder West, her grumblin left to home, and rich Mrs. Pope sailin' up to the door in her new rig.

And what should Mis' Post propose but to form a society to help the W. B., and call it a auxiliary, if we could manage to send ten dollars a year. She explained it all out, and I kept a swellin' inside with a kind o' joy and pride that I was ahead of 'em, and 'twas all I could do to keep from shoutin' "Yes, yes, I know, I'm a member myself, a member for life, a twenty-five dollar member!" But I kept mum till Mis' Post began to argue like for ten dollars a year, and then I felt myself risin' right up.

"Why Mis' Post," sez I, "do you actually mean that all of us together send ten dollars a year to help the W. B.?"

"Yes," said Mis' Post, kind of soothin' like, "don't you think, Mis' Grant, we could spare that in twelve months?"

"Well," sez I, and if pa had been there he'd said, 'go slow, Lucille,' my eyes were snappin' I fear, "if the fifty women of this church can't send but twenty cents apiece in a whole year I'll be ashamed to b'long to it, and I'd rather be a member all alone, as I have been for three months, sence my niece, Mary Benton, made me life member by paying twenty-five dollars for me, than to b'long to a auxiliary in this church. Why I've sent on my quarter of the last calf already, and that's most a third of what you talk about raisin' for the whole of us."

Oh, dear, I had said it, and I dropped plump down, red as a beet, and ashamed of my old hasty tongue and foolish boasting.

Mis' Post brought me to my senses again by speaking up. "Why," sez she, "I'm so pleased to know we have one life member in our church; it is a splendid foundation to begin upon, and I propose to you ladies to make Mis' Grant your first president."

There was no help for it, they would have me, and then we drank tea out of teeny, fancy cups, with specks of cookies. Mis' Post came over to my side and said low in my ear, "I'll help you, Mis' Grant, all I can, and you needn't be one bit afraid, it won't be as hard as you think." So that was a crumb of comfort, and I blundered out somethin' about my pride and bein' ashamed of myself, but I would like to do the best I could, though they all knew I had no sort of book learnin'. "You have what is better for

us than book learnin'," sez she; "you have a live interest in the Lord's work."

A live interest; am I indeed gettin' alive? . . .

DEAR NIECE MARY: It's a shame my letters have been so scarce this year, and you have been so constant and kind. But, after all, it's your fault, because you started me into life, and all the year I have been trying to get there. It took some time, but it paid, I tell you. It always pays pretty well, I guess, to keep yourself alive.

I'm singin' "Glory Hallelujah" to-day, for we've had our first annual meeting, and the report was twenty-five dollars for the Board. Oh, ain't that blessed! I suppose it seems a scrap to you in your big church, but I solemnly believe it is a fair and honest gift from our women. Some of 'em can't get hold of even a quarter of a calf in the whole year, and only Mrs. Pope is rich, and she, bein' wrapped up in the hospital and off to New York so much, doesn't help us a bit. But I was bound we'd have twenty-five dollars, and the Lord was on my side, for he knew how I wanted to do just what you done—build up a big auxiliary fire on the life-member kindling wood. I kept still about it all the year. And meanwhile I've been a readin' and studyin' up, and Mis' Post she's helped me a lot, and those tracts you sent are beautiful, so I am a-learnin' some and gettin' to feel alive.

When the annual meetin' was about over I rose up and said: "Sisters, I am most too happy for words; but I must say, can't we make somebody off in some new place a life member with this twenty-five dollars, in the hope that 'twill be the beginning of life toward the Woman's Board? Does any one of you know any woman in Readville?"

Yes, Mis' Kent—she that was Lydia Snow—had a cousin in Readville, and give us her name, and we then and there made her a life member of the W. B. M.; and Mis' Kent agreed to send her LIFE AND LIGHT for a year, also some facts about the Board.

Maybe this cousin will take root and spring to life as my dry bones did. We are goin' to pray for the waterin' of our sowin', and who knows but some day we'll be a-goin' over there to help them start a auxiliary with that cousin for president? . . .

[NOTE.—In presenting these selections from my aunt's precious letters, let me add that when I made her a life member of the W. B. M. I had no thought of such results as followed.

Indeed, I am truly blameworthy for giving her name in a careless fashion, because it occurred to me that twenty-five dollars was the sum for life

members, and I might as well make one. Dear, old-fashioned, sensible, bright Aunt Lucille came into my mind, and now it appears that a Hand guided mine to write her name.

By this experience of hers I have come to lay a new stress on life memberships, and am no longer careless about them. In more instances than in my aunt's *life* membership has been the first breath of *live* membership.

Especially do I now urge upon donors to select carefully for this honorable privilege those who have not become alive to the needs of the foreign missionary field. My aunt's example of following the gift of membership with LIFE AND LIGHT and explanations, with prayer also, commends itself to me, as I trust also to every person or society donating the money.]

NIECE MARY.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Catherine Hayden Barbour is a loving memorial of our missionary teacher in the International Institute for Girls in Spain, and is a tasteful *brochure* of seventy-one pages, "privately printed." An excellent likeness of Miss Barbour, a face full of sweet seriousness, forms the frontispiece. The appreciative tributes from friends and those best acquainted with her in her beloved work for Spanish girls, reveal an unfolding of character one would expect from such a face with its "gospel lineaments." The biographical sketch, though brief, is excellently arranged.

Professor Stevens, of the department of English, and Professor Hooker, of the department of Botany, write of Miss Barbour, "Catha Barbour," as they call her, as "A Student at Mount Holyoke." Under the division, "Her Work for Spain," Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, Anna F. Webb, Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D., and Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., give their testimony to her faithfulness both in the educational and Christian Endeavor work.

The third and last division is called, "A Beloved Friend," and is made up of "Bits from the Budget Letters," contributed by Caroline M. Telford, Arma Anna Smith, Martha Clark Pedley and Mary Perle Anderson.

Preceding these three divisions the record of her life is told briefly and yet most sympathetically. Miss Webb says, "An oft-recurring phrase on her lips was, 'I want to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'" And Dr. Clark writes, "I shall never forget her energy at the meeting at Saragossa. What a splendid reward must hers be! Her life, though comparatively short, was packed with great deeds."

Old Glory and the Gospel in the Philippines. By Alice Byram Condict, M.D. Pp. 124. Price, 75 cents net.

From the prefatory note by Bishop Warne, who is the M. E. Bishop of India, Malaysia, and the Philippine Islands, we learn that the author of this little volume is a descendant of Priscilla and John Alden and also of Jonathan Dickinson, first president of Princeton College. Bishop Warne says, "Her Puritan blood impels her to believe in liberty of conscience and in having the Bible in the homes of the people, and this will give coloring to her treatment of the Friar Question and the need of Protestant missions in the Philippine Islands." Dr. Condict has had extensive experience in her profession both in America and in India. In the latter country she worked in the zenanas and also among the famine sufferers, and it was after her severe labors in 1899 that she went to Manila for rest and recuperation. As Bishop Warne says, "This book will enable the American public to see the Philippine Islands through the eyes of a cultured, Christian American lady, who has been in the very beginnings of Protestantism in the Philippine Islands, and whose knowledge of medicine has enabled her to see the inner home life of the Filipino people." Perhaps the most interesting illustration of the book is that of Señor de la Rosa and his family, as it gives an example of what the best type of Filipinos are like.

Lux Christi, the text-book for the course for 1903 on India in the United Study of Missions, is now ready for distribution. We gave the contents in our last number, and an extended notice will be found in our October issue. We have only space to say that the work on it has been superbly done, and that it will be of the greatest possible value in our study. Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City, publishers. Price, 30 cents.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Thirty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the First Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday and Thursday, November 5 and 6, 1902. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present. A meeting specially for delegates will be held in the same place on Tuesday, November 4th.

The ladies of Washington will be happy to entertain all regularly accredited Branch delegates and missionaries during the meeting. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names before October the first to Mrs. George J. Cummings, Howard University, Washington, Chairman of the Hospitality Committee. For any ladies who may desire to secure

board, suitable places at reasonable prices will be recommended on application to the above address.

The general subject of the meeting is to be "The Victorious Progress of Christian Missions." There will be addresses by Miss Ellen M. Stone, Dr. Julia Bissell, of Ahmednagar, India, and others.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

TURKEY. The thrilling tale of Miss Ellen Stone is taken up by Mme. Tsilka in the August number of *McClure's*, and gathers about the baby Ellenchia, under the title, "Born Among Brigands." *Fortnightly Review*, July 19th, "The Situation in Turkey," discussed by A. Rustem Bey de Bilinski.

AFRICA. Two members of Parliament give their views upon "The Outlook in South Africa," in *North American Review*, August.

That strange people known as Pygmies, supposed to dwell within the depths of forest and jungle only, are described by Sam. P. Verner in the August *Atlantic*. Mr. Verner has discovered a village of these dwarfs near to other tribes and accessible to Christianizing forces, since a boat, made in Richmond, Va., is now to ply the waters of Kasai Valley, in which the village is situated. An attempt has been made, with but small results, to impress Gospel truth upon the Pygmies. One person has united with a Christian church. Mr. Verner believes them capable of responding to the truth, and names natural parental love as a marked characteristic of this almost animal tribe.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

From Luther to the Halle Missionaries.

From the Reformation to the founding of early European societies for the propagation of the gospel. Sixteenth to eighteenth centuries.

Chapter 5. After studies for three months in other fields our auxiliaries will return with renewed enthusiasm to the progress of missions, taking up the study with the commencement of Luther's work.

We submit the usual divisions of the chapter with a deep conviction that no literary society or club programme can present a more interesting or exciting subject for study.

1. The Reformation: Its cause; its development; its leaders; its effect on the Lutheran Church. Pages 159-166.

2. Give the account of the condition of South America and the work done there by the Roman Catholic missionaries. Pages 166-168.

3. Trace the work of the early settlers in North America, speaking of John Eliot, Roger Williams, the Mayhew family, Father Marquette and the Jesuit missions, also the Spanish missionaries in Mexico. Pages 168-174.

4. Follow the wonderful work of Francis Xavier in India; go with him to Japan, and recall the fearful persecutions that closed Japan for so many years to foreign invasion. Pages 174-177.

5. Show how science opened the door into China and introduced Christianity. Speak of the work of Father Martini and of Adam Schell. Pages 177-180.

6. Follow the work in Africa, Lapland, and the Islands of the Sea, and notice specially the formation of the first missionary societies in America in 1648, and in England, 1698. Pages 180-185.

Special interest centers in Eliot's translation of the Scriptures into Indian dialect in 1663, in Tyndale's New Testament, 1525, Coverdale's Bible in 1535, the Geneva Bible, 1560, and the Douay Bible, 1609.

In the period of this month's study, from 1500-1700, a large number of great events occurred. These are grouped together in Table V, which precedes the chapter.

The lists of great names and great productions are very suggestive. Artists, authors, reformers, preachers, scientists, soldiers and monarchs are marshalled before us as we read these pages.

Papers on any of these great men or great events would add to the pleasure of the afternoon, which would be profitably spent if given entirely to the life and work of Luther.

M. J. B.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from June 18, 1902, to July 18, 1902.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

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<i>Castine.</i> —Desert Palm, Soc.,	30 00	<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. T. M. Howard,	
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Portland, Williston Ch., Mrs. Hooper, in		const. L. M. Mrs. Susan H. Ladd);	
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South Berwick, Aux., 34, Union Conf.,		5; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., C. E. Soc.,	
1; Waterville, Aux., 20; Wells, South		5. Less expenses, 1.50,	177 86
Cong. Ch., Aux., 23.75. Less expenses,	110 00	Total,	177 86
3.75,			
Total,	145 00		
NEW HAMPSHIRE.			
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Allen L.		A Friend,	5 00
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Mrs. Mary D. French), 125; Nashua,		10, Aux., 87.25, Miss. Union (const. L. M.	
Aux. (50 const. L. M's Mrs. Emily F.		Mrs. Preston Pond), 25, Mispah Circle	
Preston, Miss Lucia Webster), 87.20,		K. Dau., 20; Woburn, Aux. (prev. contri.	
Sary M. C., 5, First Ch., Prim. Class, S.		const. L. M. Mrs. Charlotte E. Ames),	199 75
5; Portsmouth, Rogers M. C., 40;		<i>Barnstable Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow,	
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rar), 31.85; Webster, Aux., 13.50, Mrs.		<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Chas. E. West,	
J. H. Bliss, 5,	456 55	Treas. Dalton, A Friend, 100; Hinsdale,	
		Aux., 15.15,	115 15
Total,	456 55	<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Nannie I.	
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		C. E. Soc., 15; Gloucester, Aux., 1; Tab-	
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		Aux., 17.85,	38 85

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<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Milford, Cong. Ch., Ladies' Ben. Soc., 30; Saxouville, Edwards Ch., Miss. Union (const. L. M. Mrs. Maria Stearns), 25; Wellesley College Ch. Asso., 255,	310 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Randolph, Aux., 10; South Weymouth, Aux., Old South Ch., 6.03, Union Ch., S. S., 14.77,	30 80
<i>No. Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. Lydia R. Hudson, Treas. Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 5, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4.85; Shirley, Aux., 14.55, Same, 17.73; Littleton Common, United Workers, 4.85; Less 3.50, South Acton, Aux., transferred to Adjustment Fund at request of Treasurer of Aux.,	43 54
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<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas. Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. const. L. M.'s Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. B. L. Bragg), South Ch., 125,	125 00
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C. E. Soc. (with prev. contri. to const. Miss Ruth C. Barry and Miss Blanche L. McIntire L. M.'s); Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux., 20, Highland Ch., Aux., 5, Alden M. B., 2, Winter Hill Cong. Ch., W. M. Soc., 15; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., 39, Y. L. M. Soc., 35; Walpole, Aux., 6; Waltham, Trin. Cong. Ch., Cradle Roll, 9.84, less 4.47 paid by Acorn Band, Village Ch., Dorchester, April 16, returned at request of Treasurer,	1,187 03
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Ida L. Bement, Treas. Athol, Aux., 1.50; North Brookfield, Aux., 12; Ware, Aux., 183.70; Westboro, Aux., 11.80; Worcester, Old South Ch., Aux., 56.11, Summer St. Ch., Ladies' Aid, 10,	275 11
	Total, 3,394 27
CONNECTICUT.	
<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Danielson, Aux., 26.75, Y. L. M. C., 8.54; Griswold, Aux., 18; Groton, S. S., 11.07; Norwich, Second Ch., Aux., 50; Putnam, "Sunbeams" and Cradle Roll (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Phebe Kiunev Beard); Thompson, Aux., 20.50; Woodstock, First Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 21.91,	156 77
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<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Shelton, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. Mrs. Olivia J. Stanley L. M.).	
	Total, 484 66
NEW YORK.	
<i>New York City.</i> —M. A. Bates,	5 00
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas. Arcade, Cong. Ch., 5; Brooklyn, Park Ch., C. E. Soc., 15, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Mrs. Geo. C. Stebbins, 10; Crown Point, 4.21; Honeoye, Aux., 10; Jamesport, Cong. Ch., W. M. Soc., 5.30; Lockport, S. S., 6; New York, Bethany Ch., Cradle Roll, 4; Northfield, S. S., 4.68; Poughkeepsie, Aux. (to const. Miss Mary Purdy L. M.), 25; Rochester, Mrs. Geo. W. Davison, 5; Rocky Point, Mrs. M. S. Hallock, 15; Sherburn, Aux., 50; Utica, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 15; Willsborough, 4.57; <i>Pa.</i> , Harford, Aux., 8. Less expenses, 25,	161 76
	Total, 166 76
TURKEY.	
<i>Harpoot.</i> —W. M. Soc.,	8 14
	Total, 8 14
General Funds,	4,691 97
Gifts for Special Objects,	141 27
Variety Account,	54 11
	Total, \$4,887 35



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TURKEY.

FROM MRS. BALDWIN, OF BROUSA.

(Concluded from the August number.)

SOME of the older girls came down one evening to enjoy the pleasure of helping, for, taking the candy-bags from California for a pattern, they made enough to bring the whole number up to a hundred; these we filled the night before the tree, which was to be a surprise. School was dismissed Thursday afternoon, January 9th, and the pupils were told there would be no lessons Friday morning, but that they must be sure to come in the afternoon, bringing parents or friends with them, and inviting former members to the closing exercises. Friday morning, with Mlle. Reineck to direct, the tree was set up and decorated, and the teachers worked away most busily to trim the room with various mottoes—"Merry Christmas!" "Happy New Year!" "Welcome!" "Glory to God in the Highest!" "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!" These, with an illuminated star, evergreens and flags, made our large schoolroom very attractive, though one's eyes were fascinated by the tree, which looked as if it had just arrived from fairyland or frostland.

I spent the morning at home putting the finishing touches on the gifts, writing the names, etc., that there might be no confusion. In order that no one should be omitted, I had to be very methodical, and so made out my list. Shall I copy it for you?

“Twenty-five girls—Madonnas in fancy frames and calendar or fancy card.

“Nine girls—pictures framed in blue and gilt molding, and card.

“Thirteen girls—wall panels and Armenian Psalms.

“Two girls—large scrap-books and Armenian Psalms.”

There was also a photograph from Miss Holt, as she is fortunate enough to have a camera. Each girl and boy in kindergarten had a scrap-book, and with it a bright hair ribbon, or doll, or toy. The teachers and others were remembered with books, for we had sent for a number of J. R. Miller's books, and with these I gave your pocket calendars, for which each one sent you her individual thanks. Everybody had a generous bag of candy, of course. The room was well filled, even crowded, for the eighty-three children took up considerable room before others began to arrive. The ohs and ahs and various exclamations of surprise and delight which burst from their lips when they saw the tree gave us enough pleasure to last for a long time. The programme of exercises was a pretty full one, with songs and hymns and recitations appropriate to the season, in Armenian and English, besides the beautiful finger plays and circle exercises of Miss Demetra's little folks and the piano pieces. At a proper time the gifts were distributed (the candles on the tree still burning). The final pieces were played on the piano, the good-by song was sung, and when they were asked, “To whom shall we give thanks for all the good things we enjoy?” the response was made in concert, the school standing: “Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.”

With one accord they all seemed to think it was the nicest Christmas time they had ever had, and for some reason they were much more demonstrative than usual. When we all dispersed I soon forgot how tired I had been, for everything had gone off so smoothly and harmoniously. I have a long list besides whom I always wish to remember in some way, so that from before December 25th to this time of closing school my mind is quite on the stretch, and I am more than ready for the few days' vacation. As a missionary friend wrote me, “We get tired, but we like it all the same.” Truly, how doleful it would be not to make other people happy at this blessed Christmas time!

But think how tantalizing it was to have the box come just a few days

later, when the children were all scattered. To each and every one, old and young, who had any part in this good work, I thank them. We have now cards enough for all the anniversaries through the year and for next Christmas, not only for Brousa, but to send to the schools or Sunday schools in our out-stations. What we shall need to help us out next year will be something for the older girls, but I need not speak about that now.

My only plea at present is for reading matter, for the few books in our school library have been read by so many sets of girls that they are almost worn out. Sunday-school papers or story books can come any time through the post office, costing but little for postage and exciting no suspicion, whereas in a box they are always liable to inspection and perhaps seizure. Girls and boys at home read the books that are given them, and then often lay them aside, not to be looked at again; why not do them up and send them to Mrs. Baldwin for the school bookcase? Or papers which come fresh every week, can they not put several in a wrapper and mail them for a few cents? Isn't this a good hint for the boys who are so willing to work for missions, but don't know just what they can do to help?

Those who have left school are constantly asking me to lend them books, so that I can use other books besides those intended simply for children. "The pen is mightier than the sword" is often quoted, but is it not true that the voice is mightier than the pen?

I had various social duties to perform during vacation, so that the time passed very quickly, and before we were aware the new term had begun, February 3d. When school opened last September I very much feared we should not be able to graduate a class this year, but the girls have worked with such a will that I now hope they can finish the course by July. If all the eight pass it will be the first large class we have ever given diplomas to. One of the class has been absent several weeks on account of illness,—typhoid fever,—and I fear she will have a hard time to catch up when she returns. She is one of the best in the class, and it will be a bitter disappointment to fall behind. The roll-book shows many absences this winter, but none so prolonged as this one, for, as I said, influenza of a mild type has been quite an epidemic.

Miss Marian, though at first shrinking from taking Miss Rebecca's place, has proved herself most efficient, and is faithfully and earnestly doing her

[The fact that articles for Christmas festivities need to be sent in September or October in order to ensure their arrival in season makes this letter of Mrs. Baldwin's a timely one in this number.—*Ed.*]

class-room work, besides the various duties which fall to her in the household. At the beginning of the year we changed the programme, so that my work is done before noon, and Miss Holt has all her classes, excepting one, in the afternoon, so that her mornings are comparatively free for studying the language, which she seems to enjoy, though she does not venture to talk much, but this we know will come in time. Friday afternoons there are no lessons; all are busy with the needle, and the work ranges all the way from patchwork to cutting and fitting. Come in some day and see how busy and happy they are.

We read of destructive fires and earthquakes in other places, but from such outward disturbances our city has been mercifully spared. Our girls were much moved when they heard of the suffering in Erzroom consequent on the earthquake, so they were stirred up to contribute quite a little sum to relieve the distress—nothing in comparison to the great need, but it did them good to think of others. The people are still oppressed and taxed most heavily, and every little while some new measure is heard of, such as compelling a certain district to supply all the wool necessary for manufacturing clothing for the army, or an extra million pounds for the railroad from Damascus to Mecca. Of course these items you get from newspapers, but perhaps you do not realize their meaning as we do who see these poor people getting poorer and poorer every day, until it seems a wonder that they wish to live. Pray that our girls may grow in grace, and that their knowledge of spiritual things may keep pace with their lessons in other branches. Pray, too, for us who are their leaders and teachers.

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK? If you should see a man take off his hat as he walked along the street, and put it on for a coat? If while you were talking to an audience who seemed to be interested and listening attentively, they suddenly walked off and left you? If you found fifteen scorpions in your bath room? If told that a hundred scorpions were found in your bath tent? If your washerwoman only charged you fifteen cents a week for doing your clothes? If your dish towels were starched stiff, and your collars and cuffs came home limp? If a heathen boy eight years old should recite the Peloubet Catechism of the Old and New Testaments? If a heathen boy twelve years old read the New Testament through three times? If a little girl should come to Sunday school with all her clothing in her arms? If in a village about forty boys were learning the life of Christ, all of them caste boys of heathen parents? If in the same village the schoolboys recited more than one thousand Scripture verses in one day? If in ten or fifteen years this should no longer be a heathen village?—*Miss K. Booker, Bapatla, India, in "Over Sea and Land."*



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Miss Mary L. Hammond writes from

CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO, June 7, 1902.

ABOUT the time your letter came the station had urged me to make a trip to the southwest, visiting the villages of Jimenez, Villa Lopez, Parral and Las Cuevas, where we have schools and our girls are teaching, also to see new girls who wish to come another year. I have never felt that I could leave the school to make such a trip during term time, but there were reasons why it seemed best for me to go now. It was a tiresome trip because of "broken nights' rest," but otherwise a very interesting one to me, and helps me to realize more clearly than ever how much our girls who go out as teachers to the villages need encouraging and guiding. For instance, in Villa Lopez there are no regular church services, and Amanda Avila (one of the 1901 class) has a private school there. All her girls are from the "best families," so that as yet she cannot teach them the Bible or do any direct Christian work; but she has interested them so much in *El Colegio Chihuahuense* that three of them who can pay their own expenses want to come up and visit the school, so that we hope it may result in their coming

to us eventually. When the fathers of these girls made the written contract with Amanda for this school they named the school *Escuela de Lutero* (Luther's School), which shows that at least the fathers are not very fanatical.

We are now very busy with "reviews," preparatory to the public examinations, which begin the 16th. One of the Mexican teachers is to be married on the 23d. We are sorry to lose her from the teaching force, but as she marries a good Christian young man, we ought to be thankful to have another Christian home in our midst.

Our weekly prayer meeting had for its subject "Missions" last Wednesday night, when Pauline (Vance) spoke for the first time and told us something about the work of Dr. Hume in India, and that he is the "missionary pastor" of our own church in Worcester, Mass. You will see by this that she is making good progress in acquiring Spanish, which I consider the most important thing for a new missionary to do.

Dr. and Mrs. Eaton are in Guerrero, visiting the churches in that vicinity.

With best wishes for God's richest blessings to rest on you and your important work for him, I am,
 Yours in his service,

LETTER FROM MISS AGNES FENENGA.

MARDIN, TURKEY IN ASIA, April 14, 1902.

A WEEK ago to-morrow a day's gloom was cast over our small circle by the departure of Rev. and Mrs. Dewey for America. We hope our dear friends are parted from us here but for a brief time. But only God knows. Mr. Dewey was informed just a week before their departure that it was necessary for him to go at once to America for a most difficult operation for cancer. He has been a patient sufferer for some time, and had expected to have an operation at Aintab in the summer, but this new and entirely unexpected cancer development made it necessary to act at once, and go where the best possible aid could be procured. How anxiously we look forward for news from them,—first of their safe arrival at Alexanbretta (they went across the plain by way of Oorfa, and we tremble lest some evil may befall them, for that road, although shorter and better than the northern road by Diarbekir, is not so safe), then of their arrival in America and the successful performance of the operation.

Our people, too, feel deeply the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Dewey. On the morning of their departure our spacious yard was filled with friends to see

them off, some coming as early as 8 A. M., when it was well known the Deweys would not start until 11 A. M. The two high schools, the orphan schools, and some of the city schools, were dismissed for the day, and the pupils, along with many others, saw the friends for considerable distance out of the city on their way. The boys' high school, of which Mr. Dewey has been principal now for many years, composed and learned to sing an Arabic song for their farewell. The girls of the high school sang "God be with you till we meet again." Mr. Dewey was a very busy man. All, or most of his duties, now fall to Mr. Andrus, so that he is indeed burdened, touring of course being abandoned for the time.

Dr. Thom and I went with them the first day and spent the night with them. I had an easy riding horse, and so besides the pleasure of seeing our friends safely started on their second day's journey, I enjoyed the trip exceedingly. I had not been on the Plain before, for although we are only some 1,600 feet above the Plain, and it seems apparently near as we look down on it to the south, yet the winding staircase-like path, and also the danger in going without some government escort, make it seem wise not to go down unless duty requires. The air was balmy and warm. It was an agreeable yet strange change to be on a level, and not between rocks on the mountain side. There were a great variety of wild flowers. The crops looked fairly well, but in many places strips were entirely black with numberless tiny grasshoppers, so it is feared not much will be left of the crops after the grasshopper becomes more mature. The government during the winter ordered the eggs dug up, but they were evidently too numerous to make much of an impression on them. The village of Tel Ermin, where we spent the night, tried to lessen them some by catching them in the early morning, when they are huddled together; the village maiden also herded the chickens on the blackest strips about the village during the day. I do hope they will succeed in saving part of their crop at least. They are so poor that it seems they just can't live unless they do. During the massacres their homes were destroyed and goods and herds taken away, but not many of the people were killed. They are trying hard to get a start again. The houses are about half rebuilt. Their chief food is barley bread and wild greens. Their church, Papal Armenian, was but partly destroyed, and has been rebuilt again. It is a good stone structure, all except that the roof is not well cared for. It is an earth roof, like all of our roofs here, but if they are well rolled, and holes filled up after each rain, they do very well. Flowers and grass grow plentifully on it. We occupied the upper room in the church during the night, and although I had my little camp-bed, I had so many bed-fellows that sleep was impossible. One night, however, makes

very little difference with me,—only hope the Deweys will not be kept awake on their three weeks' journey to the coast. They certainly need all the rest possible, for they started so tired.

I teach the beginning class in English which Mrs. Dewey had. They are seven dear little girls; I call them little,—that is what they seem to me,—but three of them are engaged to be married, so this will likely be their last year in school. Will you not pray that I will do well by them? Of course my Arabic vocabulary is very limited, and so am not really a suitable teacher, but I shall do my very best. We are reading and translating the Royal First Reader. Two of the girls are orphans, and they are certainly the best in the English class, so I hope they will make teachers; the other two are village girls. There is a little more hope of keeping them as teachers than city girls, but of course they are liable to be engaged to some one any day, as the three city girls already are. I teach English writing to all the pupils who take English, which includes all but a half dozen, perhaps, so that brings me in touch with all the pupils. Then I frequently spend an evening in their sitting room; in fact there is seldom a day but what I make a little informal call on them. I am sure I find no difficulty in loving these dear girls; would the time of my ignorance of the language sped faster, so I could be more helpful to them.

I take six lessons a week in prose composition of Mahomet Racheel, the first assistant in our high school. In return, I am reading with her an English book evenings. She is a good student and teacher, too; speaks English well enough so she can make herself understood in it. Maalem Hanna, the teacher of the Turkish language in the boys' high school, gives me two lessons in the Gospel of Matthew and two grammar lessons a week. Maalem Hanna does not belong to our church, but instead to the old Assyrian church; but nevertheless I believe him to be a very sincere Christian, and he certainly is well versed in the Bible. Then I take two Arabic writing lessons a week. While I was with Mr. and Mrs. Dewey we studied Arabic for a half hour each evening, which was very helpful to me, but nothing has taken its place as yet. I am giving English to the head teacher of the city schools. There are so many anxious to take English, but of course it would not be wise at present for me to spend much time in that way. For recreation I ride, which I have already learned to enjoy, and sew.

AGNES FENENGA.

[Since the above was written Mr. Dewey has passed away, and we mourn for that devoted band of workers who bade him farewell with the hope that he would soon return to his work again.]

EXTRACT FROM MRS. GRAY'S JOURNAL, PONAPE.

ONE day we were invited to a feast at Majejo, given in honor of Nanakin, a chief. The tide was low, so we walked over, though the path was so stony we had to watch every step to keep from falling. However, it is most beautiful, being lined with ferns and flowers, winding its way among the tall trees and over little brooks. The sea breeze could not reach us, and it was very warm walking, but soon the path led into an opening where the new feast house stands. It is a building about thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, and entirely open at one end. On three sides is built a sort of platform, three feet high and four feet wide, where the guests specially honored lounge. As we came in sight of this building the crowd of natives lying about under the trees rose as a token of respect. Edgar, a man who speaks some English and dresses like a white man, came forward and escorted us to a seat kept for us near Nanakin and his wife on the platform. There were two chairs for us; the natives sat on the floor.

In the center of the building were six large piles of stones, with hot fires burning inside. Soon after we arrived a number of men, with no clothing except their kauls, came in with long poles, and began punching the red-hot rocks apart. The heat was intense. Fortunately we were situated where the sea breeze fanned us and blew the heat the other way. As soon as the piles of rocks were knocked down great baskets of breadfruit, yam and "mar" were hurriedly passed to the men at the fires, and they rapidly emptied them onto the hot rocks, and with poles and tongs covered the food with some of the rocks, and on the top of it all piled green leaves and grass to hold in the heat. These "ums" were then left, and while the food cooked, other preparations were made. Ten roast pigs were carried in from a place outside where they had been cooked. These were placed over a pit in front of Nanakin. Great quantities of uncooked yam were placed under the trees just outside the door where Nanakin sat. This and the pigs were then divided among the people; only those of high rank received any pork. They count the missionaries with their chiefs, and the largest and best young pig was picked out and given us to carry home, also a fine yam, which was so large it required two men to carry it. When the food in the "um" was done, the rocks were taken off and the things placed in baskets; all the people received an abundance. They knew our way of eating differed from theirs, and I think the most civilized were ashamed to have us watch them, so we were invited over to Edgar's house. He had taken our boys over previously to help arrange dinner for us. The house has two small rooms, built of lumber. Edgar is quite progressive, and has a few

chairs, an ancient bureau, and a small table that is quite aristocratic. The table had a cloth on it, and a bouquet placed in the center. The dinner consisted of yam, hardman, pigeons in gravy, corn beef, hot cakes made of scraped yam fried in lard, and candy. Evidently their only dishes were soup plates, and I saw why I had been requested to bring a deep dish,—the pigeons and gravy were served in it. The teaspoons were new, had been purchased for the occasion. Things were well cooked and clean. The table was set in an open door, through which a fine breeze came in from the sea. We enjoyed the dinner, and appreciated the effort the natives had made to entertain us.

ING-HOK, CHINA, May 9, 1902.

You no doubt have received my letter telling of our pleasant trip up here; of our happy homecoming, of the cordial welcome we received, of the heartfelt thanksgiving to God from this patient people,—whose prayers at last were answered; of our great joy at being at last at home in the place to which we had long looked forward, and to which we felt sure God had surely led us. Here we have been for three happy months and more, and every day increases our sense of the privilege of being here to work among this dear people. It is not hard at all to love them; in fact, it would be hard to do otherwise. We find them and our experiences among them more and more interesting. The last of March I ran away and was gone three weeks, spending one week with Dr. and Mrs. Skinner—old friends I knew in Chicago—at Kucheng. I took my teacher with me, and was able to study quite a little; so with the advantage of seeing a large hospital and dispensary in operation I felt well repaid for the time spent, to say nothing of the great pleasure of seeing my dear friends. You cannot understand that as yet we know little of rapid transit in this primitive land. I had to spend three weeks away from home in order to make a visit of one week. I went with a company of Methodist friends in a house boat for seventy miles, and in a chair for thirty miles over the most magnificent mountains.

Misses Worthley and Osborne from Ponasang came out with me when I returned three weeks ago. Though we could speak little of the “plain speech,” we felt quite safe with two teachers, a coolie, and our trusty messenger as a bodyguard. The natives who associate with us a good deal are able to understand our “brogue” as others cannot. The young ladies have so fallen in love with Ing-hok, and we are so glad to have them here, that they have decided to remain through this month, until time to go to the mountain for the summer. Miss Chittenden, for the second time, has left me to go to Foochow to examine her numerous day schools, so I am especially anxious to take up the business of keeping boarders; and you may imagine it is a great deal pleasanter having these jolly young women with me than it would be eating alone. The girls are so interested in everything, and enter so heartily into all our life here, that we shall miss them greatly when they are gone.

We have been doing a little “street work,” and find it oh, so interesting! The dear little children are especially attractive, and we do so long to in-

fluence them for Christ. We are beginning to realize something of the joy of telling the blessed truth to those who have never heard it. The word "truth" means more to me than ever before, and I always feel like speaking of the gospel in that way now when I am surrounded by so much that is hideously untrue. A few days ago as we were out for a walk, after our study hours were over, we met two of our favorite little boys on their way home from school. With a great shout they came running toward us, and literally leading us by the hand took us triumphantly to the school, where we met the teacher and a number of other little fellows, who immediately joined our "following"; and when we started home each of us found herself quite in possession of not only one but two little ragamuffins, who slipped their grimy hands into ours with the utmost confidence. It was such a procession as you may never hope to see. It took pretty skillful management to "stick on" the high, narrow walks between the gardens, for you may be sure neither young man would relinquish his hold even for one moment. We brought the whole company home, and in our dining room, with the help of a teacher, we taught them the hymn, "Jesus loves me," gave them each a picture card, and sent them home happy. On Sunday Misses Worthley and Osborne and I started a Sunday school in our chapel, with the boys from the day school down on the street and the girls from the girls' school in our own compound as an audience. It was a feeble beginning, to be sure, but it was a beginning. The native teacher in the girls' school knows a little English, so we were not wholly without means of communicating with our school, and one of the teachers came to the rescue when he was bidden, and talked "doctrine" to them in a simple, plain way. When Miss Chittenden returns it will be easier, for she is long past the stage of mental spasms every time she wishes to say anything in Chinese.

The visitors coming to "see house" (*kang chio*) are still much in evidence. I suppose we have had nearly two thousand visitors, counting duplicates, since the 8th of February, Chinese New Year's Day. We show nearly everything we possess, and always play and sing for them, and have one of our teachers explain the hymns to them. Sometimes the poor women will sit with tears in their eyes as they hear of a "happy land," where even they may have peace and joy and rest.

EMILY DILLMAN SMITH, M.D.

FROM MISS MARGARET M. McCORD.

AMANZIMTOTE, NATAL, April 7, 1902.

PERHAPS you will enjoy a little glimpse of my work here. Most of it is not pleasant to tell about, and my daily visitors, with their burns, sores, pains and ailments of every sort, would not attract you, but it is through the healing of their bodies that we reach their hearts.

One bright face surely you would notice as a girl of twelve comes running up with a present of green corn, "for we are eating the spring now." A year and a half ago as she was put upon the operating table in the dispensary, her face drawn and old as a woman of forty, there seemed little

hope for her life. But hope has come, and through it hope for the life hereafter, both to her and her parents.

A year ago my husband was obliged to go to England to obtain the British qualifications necessary to practice in these South African colonies. In this country it is a matter of course that the doctor's wife knows something of his medicines, though in truth this one doesn't know much. But the people will not believe it, so they come for medicines, and I do for them what I can, and so am getting into their hearts, hoping to be of greater help to the doctor when he gets home in August.

But the babies are my chief delight. If I could show up all of mine to you they would make quite an array. Most of what they need is a dose of common sense given to the grandmother. She gets the first baby to bring up, for mothers don't know anything till they've had at least one child and have seen it cared for by experienced hands. The first thing a baby needs is to eat, and nature not having provided food, cornmeal porridge is made quite thin and poured down the baby's throat as fast as it can swallow. This is kept up (for it has no nourishment from nursing, of course), till, if the child lives, he learns to eat corn, beans, sweet potatoes, etc. African babies being smarter than most, they learn this within a month.

One old woman who looked at me with such an amused pity for my inexperience a few weeks ago, came yesterday to say that when the baby was to die anyway they just tried what I said about letting it go hungry, "but now they believed."

We are more happy than we can tell in our work, and thank the Father every day that he has put us just where we are. He has come very close to us this past year; first in the doctor's long siege with typhoid fever in an English hospital, then at Christmas time one baby was as sick as could be and live with dysentery.

Pray for our work and for us that our lives may count for Christ in this land where the gospel is so much needed.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

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RECEIPTS FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 10, 1902.

ILLINOIS	1,780 87	CENTURY FUND.	
INDIANA	16 00	Received this month	244 40
IOWA	1,389 82	Already reported	854 93
KANSAS	79 10		
MICHIGAN	326 78	Total since October, 1901	\$1,099 33
MISSOURI	294 00	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
NEBRASKA	85 90	Received this month	10 00
SOUTH DAKOTA	65 21	Already forwarded	421 62
WISCONSIN	393 73		
MISCELLANEOUS	476 16	Total since October, 1901	\$431 62
Receipts for the month	4,907 57		
Previously acknowledged	37,354 18		
Total since October, 1901	\$42,261 75		

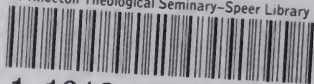
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